



MINNA ENCKEN,
Countess of Lichtenau.

48



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Countess of Lichtenau.

48

Emke K

THE

CONFESSIONS

OF THE CELEBRATED

COUNTESS OF LICHTENAU,

LATE MRS. RIETZ, K

NOW CONFINED IN THE FORTRESS OF GLOGLAU AS A
STATE-PRISONER.

DRAWN FROM ORIGINAL PAPERS,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

WITH AN

Engraved Portrait of the Countess,

AFTER AN

ORIGINAL PAINTING in the Possession of the
COUNTESS MATUSKA.

London :

PRINTED BY J. W. MYERS,
FOR W. WEST, NO. 27, PATERNOSTER-ROW,

1799.

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THE
CONFESSIONS

OF THE GUILTY

COUNTRESS OF EICHTENAU

IN THE

IN THE COURT OF EICHTENAU AS A
STATE PRISONER

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAPERS

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

English of the Countess



ORIGINAL PAPERS IN THE Possession of the
CASE MATUSKA

9. 7.
187.

PRINTED BY J. W. MYERS,
122 W. WEST, NO. 17, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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TO

MR. L——S H——Y, at BATH.

DEAR SIR,

I AVAIL myself of the departure of an English gentleman, who intends to set out for your city in a few days, to transmit you the translation of a pamphlet which has lately appeared in German, and which is read with great avidity: If the perusal of it should afford you any amusement, it will amply repay the few moments that I devoted to friendship.

It consists chiefly of the confessions of a woman, whose beauty first ushered her into notice, and whose intrigues enabled her to maintain the conquests which her personal charms had made, even when visibly on the decline. Had she confined herself to the private circles of her amours, we might have heard little more of her than other modern

Thaïses, but her ambition extended to politics, and the fatal effect of her influence in that line has been felt, I am afraid, by more nations than one in the present unhappy contest with the demagogues of France.

The original papers which were found in the possession of the Countess when she was arrested, and from which these confessions have been drawn, were communicated to the Author of this pamphlet by a Member of the Committee appointed to enquire into the transactions of this intriguing woman. The language, however, was so gross and indelicate, that, out of respect to religion and morality, it was necessary to omit them. It was also thought proper to omit many political passages, and wait till a proper opportunity presented itself to bring them to light. Then you will be surprised to find the part this infamous woman and her creatures acted in many of the scenes which have lately been exhibited in Europe. There never was a person, perhaps, whose fall has been less lamented by all parties. She was, as she states herself in her confessions, the daughter of a trumpeter; she lived, for some time, as a maid servant with her eldest sister, who was early initiated into all the mysteries of Venus; but the sister treated her so ill, that she was obliged to return to her mother's, where she was first noticed by a young man of the

highest rank. At this period she was about fifteen years of age. Her protector ordered lodgings to be provided for her, and proper masters to instruct her in reading and writing; and, as she was of a very apt disposition, he taught her French himself, and was highly gratified with the progress of his pupil in other polite accomplishments, such as dancing, drawing, &c. Such was her ascendancy over the heart of her benefactor, that he brought her to Potsdam, where she lived in a stile that could not escape the penetrating eye of the old K—g, so that, in order to avoid any disagreeable consequences on that head, it was thought advisable that she should travel, and that in as private a manner as possible. She met with many accidents in her way to Paris, particularly in passing through Champagne, where her carriage was broken, which endangered her life. Her royal lover, in 1792, wrote to her that he had taken possession of the scene of her misfortune.

To make amends for the privacy in which she had travelled, she shone forth, all at once, in Paris, as a star of the first magnitude, in the fashionable hemisphere; her *petit soupers* were numerously attended by the gay, the giddy, and the vain. Vestris taught her to sail through all the mazes of harmony, but, after all, the want of an early education was visible in her manners

and language. Her principal taste lay in dress, for almost every moment that she could spare from amusement was devoted to her toilet.

The attentions paid to her in Paris, by persons of the first rank, inflated her vanity to such an excess, that she was impatient to revisit her native country in order to relate all the fine compliments which had been paid to her in her absence; but this vanity was not a little mortified when she was obliged, or rather condemned, to marry Mr. Rieta, a chamberlain of the Prince, who had been raised to that rank from the low station of a gardener. The thoughts of being obliged to give her hand to a man devoid of education, who could only boast of poor, but honest, parents, preyed so incessantly on her spirits, that she, at length, obtained a divorce from him, though she had born him several children. Though her personal charms could no longer maintain their full empire over the heart of her protector, yet such were the resources of her arts, that, notwithstanding he was gradually estranged from her couch, yet he constantly visited her drawing-room. His protection, however, was not confined to her alone; it extended to all her family. Mirabeau, in his *Secret History of the Court of Berlin*, thus speaks of the marriage of her sister:—"On Sunday, (the 12th, 1786) at the principal inn in Berlin, the

marriage of the Countess Matulka and a Prussian officer, named Stuthern, was celebrated. The Countess is a sister of Mademoiselle Henke (Madam Rietz;) she thought to have married a Polish gentleman, who, some months since, withdrew. Once deceived, she next made choice of a young officer. The K—g has given money, and money enough. It is supposed that Madam Henke, who now is said not to be married to Rietz, will retire and live with her sister, that she may not impede the projects formed to enjoy the maid of honour in peace." The following passages are also taken from the same work:—"Mademoiselle Henke, or Madam Rietz, as you think proper to call her, has petitioned the King (December 23, 1786) to be pleased to let her know what she is to expect, and to give her an estate on which she may retire. The Sovereign offered her a country-house, at the distance of some leagues from Potsdam. The lady sent a positive refusal, and the King, in return, will not hear of any mention made of an estate. It is difficult to say what shall be the product of this conflict betwixt cupidity and avarice."

"Madam Rietz, who, of all the mistresses of the Sovereign, has most effectually resisted the inconstancy of men, and the intrigues of the wardrobe, has modestly demanded the Margravate of Schwedt from the King, to serve as a place of re-

treat, and four gentlemen to travel with her son, as with the son of a monarch. This audacious request has not displeased the King, who had been offended by the demand made of an estate. He, no doubt, has discovered that he is highly respected, now that he receives propositions so honourable."

She visited Italy soon after her divorce, where she dissipated such immense sums that she was obliged to return to repair the continual drain. Dear variety was now her motto. Her attachment to the young Count, Louis Bouille, is thought to have tended very much to induce the Court of Berlin to join in the invasion of France. Pains were taken, after his dismissal, to attach her to an Irish nobleman, Lord T———n. Whatever may have been the fatal consequence of her influence, she may serve as an example, that, however vice may flourish for a while, its reign is of short duration. "The demise of her protector put an end to all her consequence," says one of her biographers, "her revenues, her flatterers, and her liberty, and in a moment, annihilated the Juno of anti-jacobinism." She is now imprisoned in the castle of Glogau, execrated by the poor, whom she oppressed, and detested by the nobility, whom she endeavoured to rival in power and splendor, and unpitied by all. Her children are at Chartouen.

berg was lately sold to Mr. Eckhardt for an immense sum.

Thus I have given you a short sketch of the life of this extraordinary woman. I hope to see you soon, and hear from your own lips what effect her confessions have made on you as a man, and more particularly as an Englishman.

I am, with true regard,

Your's truly,

RICHARD B—T—N.

Hamburg, March 8, 1799.

being was lately said to Mr. Richard for an im-
mortal soul.

Thus I have given you a short sketch of the
life of this extraordinary woman. It is to be
yet told, and born from your own lips what effect
her confessions have made on you as a man, and
more particularly as an Englishman.

I am, with true regard,

Yours truly,

RICHARD B. I. N.

MY CONFESSIONS.

I WAS born in a small village called Dessau, at the very time when the portentous comet, with its luminous tail, threatened the affrighted inhabitants of my native country with pestilence, famine, war, and all the attendant train of misery. I mean in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ——. Whoever is the least acquainted with the history of that comet will not be at a loss how to find out the remaining figures to complete the year of my birth. My father, Heaven have mercy upon his soul! was an honest good kind of man, and obliged to maintain himself, his wife, my sisters, and me, with the produce of his earnings; his name was Encke; his profession that of a trumpeter. Our mode of living was such as behoved the family of a man in his humble line, and had not my mother, at intervals, found means to make a few perquisites, we might have fared still worse.

But, dear woman! she was an industrious being, and would contrive it so as to enable my honest father to sit down to a joint of meat, at least, twice or thrice a week. This my poor father liked very well, and would pay his dear partner many a well deserved compliment on the occasion.

My father had lately been called to Potsdam, to be one of his Royal Highness's band of music, in consequence of which we fixed our abode at Berlin. In the capital my mother continued her former trade, and had very good custom for herself, whilst at the same time she would never neglect any occasion of clandestinely making some good bargain or other for my eldest sister and me, either with some young wealthy debauchee, or an old married man; these bargains produced watches, clothes, cash, &c.

In this way of living, in a kind of style, without much concern, my father was highly pleased; yet, every now and then, he would—and Heaven knows why—fly into a violent fit of passion, and, in those fits, would generally make use of a kind of manual argument to convince my good industrious mother of her duty as a wife. The fourteenth anniversary of my birth happened to fall on the twenty-ninth day of the month of February, Bif-fextile, when my father entered upon an argu-

ment of this impressive nature, and his passion rose so high that it killed him on the spot.

My mother was now a widow, and we all prospered beyond our warmest expectation. Our father being gone, we immediately hoisted our colours publicly at Berlin, and why should we not, as our reputation was pretty well established, and known all over the town? Our good mother's province was to hold out the lure to empty the purses of unwary youth, and to pluck up by the root the very last feather of the conceited fool; all this was performed on a methodical system. Our house was a sort of rendezvous, where the Jew and the Christian could assemble without any interruption.

My eldest sister had the good fortune to strike the fancy of a Prince, and to be chosen by him for his mistress. It became my humble lot, at that time, to wait on her, which, however, did not hinder me from conducting my own little concerns in private; for they were well worth continuing. What business had I to toil and work, whilst my admirers could administer to my wants and wishes! Ducats and fine clothes were my motto, and whoever would furnish me with these was sure to succeed. My sister, one day, happened to be off her guard with her favourite, for, besides the Prince,

she had an intrigue with a Silesian Count, of the name of Matuschka. She was just sitting on the sofa, in a careless posture, when, all of a sudden, the Prince entered the room. His eyes sparkled with indignation, and in the first fit of his anger he took my sister by the hair, pulled her off the sofa, and then knocked the glasses, china, &c. girandoles, chandeliers, and every article of furniture in the room, to pieces. The Count, with the aid of my mother, fled through the window, and might thank his saints for the narrow escape, for his life was at stake, and the Prince would have ran him through without hesitation.

He loaded my mother with all the reproaches his rage could suggest, called her a procuress, &c. Poor woman! she was innocent, and, of course, the treatment affected her to the very quick. But at once she took me by the hand, and, stepping up to the Prince, thus addressed him: "Please your Royal Highness, I protest to Heaven, and all his Saints, that I am quite innocent. The Count is the girl's own choice. I am as innocent as the child unborn. Here, take my little Minna instead of her; she will keep true to you; she is susceptible of gratitude; I can pledge my word that you will find what I say to be true. Behold, and please your Royal Highness, behold this beautiful girl, your favourite, your chosen one, your ward with her favour for, besides the Prince."

tiful innocent ; behold this lucid eye, this harmonious shape, this slender waist, and then the rose-bud ; her lively conversation will dissipate your cares, when collected on your brow ; and then such sallies of wit, such sprightly sayings, such flashes of merriment, that time will dance away with down on his feet in her company." The Prince smiled at this sublime piece of oratory, which my mother had got by rote, like a parrot ; forgot all that had happened, and since that very moment chose me for his favourite.

With this amiable Prince I lived in uninterrupted happiness, but his uncle, the sage, the politician, and the hero, began to interfere with our little love-concerns, and loudly inveighed against his nephew's fathering several of my children, and the people publicly calling me his mistress. It did not become, he thought, the destined ruler of a great and powerful nation to be governed and duped by women and a set of idle parasites. Such creatures, he said, were generally connected with a gang of adventurers, for whom no honest man could have the least esteem, because they had no other aim than to creep into favour, under the protection of a prostitute, and, as soon as they had obtained it, would interfere with the most serious and momentous concerns of the state, betray whole

nations, exhaust the very sources of the common wealth, and commit acts of violence and injustice. Such and the like nonsense would frequently flow from the old man's lips, and the Prince, who, in fact, was somewhat overawed by his aged uncle, advised me to retire to my native town till the storm was over, and the horizon cleared up again. In consequence of his advice, I repaired to Defsau, accompanied by my mother, where I was soon afterwards delivered of a son. The Prince often came to visit me in my retirement, and our meetings were crowned with unspeakable bliss.

To make the old man quite easy, and the better to enable ourselves to carry on our mutual intercourse, the Prince proposed a match between me and his favorite valet, Rietz. His uncle, he thought, would the sooner forget me, and his foes, as well as mine, would, by this marriage, be brought to silence. I entered into the scheme, became Mrs. Rietz, and returned unconcerned to Berlin. To the old grumbler I was represented as an ignorant country wench, without any turn for intrigue, and incapable of governing the Prince, and still less of involving him, even in the most distant manner, in any foreign concern. This completely quieted the old man, and I passed my time in the greatest peace and tranquillity.

The long wished-for moment arrived at last; the old fellow died, and my dear admirer ascended the throne. An extensive field of action now opened before my eyes; "This is the time, said I to myself, to form my system; to govern, to rule, to enrich, my friends, and to humble the pride of my inveterate foes."

I am sorry, and this I confess with the most heart-felt compunction, to have, through artifice and malice, robbed the K—g of the love of his people, for he really was a good man, and his humanity extended to all the creation. Oh! what a source of happiness this love proved to his feeling heart, and how often have I heard him exclaim, "Thank God, my people are happy, and so am I through their happiness!" This, however, was no more than a deception, for I, and those that were about him, never would give him an opportunity to cast a look into the most interior recesses of the system of government, and thus he was deceived, and actually thought that his subjects were happy; but it was not his fault, it was mine, for his heart was benevolence itself.

The vile creatures who flocked to my train, through the most infamous windings, attempted to deprive him of the love of his people, and became, in the fullest extent of the word, his rulers. But I must return to my own story.

I was now possessed of princely palaces, and the pomp of royalty was displayed in all my apartments. Ministers, generals, princes, and noblemen, crowded my levees and courted my smiles. What could be more natural than that the envious should watch every step I took? The privilege of being thus noticed by a great prince could not fail to excite jealousy, and an opportunity soon offered to lay the foundation of my ruin. The K—g, who was fond of variety in love, conceived a violent passion for Miss V—, a young lady of the Court, a lady endowed by nature with the most exquisite charms she could bestow upon a favourite mortal. The name of Miss V—, till this very hour, is never mentioned but with the highest respect. At the first outset her virtue withstood every attack; but, when the K—g became more pressing, and the nobility joined him in his pursuit, she yielded at last, but on condition of a left-handed marriage. The K—g lived, during the space of one full year, in the greatest happiness with Miss V—, and I might, perhaps, have been entirely slighted and forgotten, had not a dish of chocolate, administered at a proper time, rid me of a detested rival, and the K—g of a love-sick enthusiast. I now once more was the toast, and the sovereign-arbitratrix of my Royal Lover's mind. Whatever did not suit my plan, or harmonize with my views, was removed from the

fight of the monarch, and none but those who were of my party had access to the closet.

My husband had likewise been put in the way of exercising the power of influence, and of laying by treasures. Yet I was often vexed when I saw that certain men, who could not possibly be denied, got admission to the K—g; for I was always afraid, lest, some time or other, they might have the assurance to paint me in my true colours.

It became adviseable, however, to think of securing a considerable part of my wealth, for which purpose I projected a journey to Italy, where I meant to dispose of my property as advantageously as I could. As I lived in the first style of grandeur, the K—g was prevailed on to confer the title of Countess of Lichtenau on me at the Court of Vienna. The request was granted, and to enable me to maintain the dignity and rank, I obtained a separation from Mr. Rietz. From that very instant I was, on my return from Italy, admitted to all the circles and the assemblies at Court. My daughter, who had been decorated with the title of Countess of the Mark, was to marry none but a Count, and the King intended to bestow an adequate dowry on her. Her suitors were many, and amongst the rest Count Stolberg was preferred.

As the K—g was fond of amusement, I was pleased to see that W—— and B—— entertained him with the Rosicrucian nonsense, and other magic tricks. These ventriloquists could do me no harm; nay, on the contrary, they were the means of persuading the K—g to any thing. It was at this very period that I filled all the offices of Court with wretches of my own choice. All the King did, spoke, and undertook, was faithfully reported to me, and hence he must inevitably remain entangled in my net.

The French war broke out, and then it might be said I was truly launched into my own element. B—— was employed by the Cabinet of Vienna and the Court of St. ——— to bring things to bear with our K—g, and he was several times obliged to undertake journeys to Vienna and to Italy. The coalition was agreed on, and we marched against France. This war was the very thing I wanted; for, as the King was busy, I took all the opportunities I could to make him sensible of the licentiousness of the people; and, as the expences had increased, and became more multiplied than before, I had fair play to accumulate treasure in proportion. My chief contributors, however, were Austria and ———, for they would pay me abundantly for the part I took in persuading the King not to recede from

the coalition. But no man ever knew how to get me over to his interest better than P—. For this purpose, he employed his relation T——, who paid me his addresses for a long time, had apartments in my palace, and partook of my table and carriage. Money was my motto, just the same as it had been at the time when Jews and Christians resorted to the house of Minna Encke, in Spandau-street. It is a pity that this war, or, at least, the coalition, did not last a little longer, for then I might, in fact, have realized my favorite project, of purchasing some principality, for the flood of presents flowed in without intermission.

We returned home without having effected any thing, and my chief object was to secure the King's affections by all the variety of pleasure and entertainment I could possibly think of. I had in my palace a neat little theatre, where I entertained the King with such pieces as seemed to have been written for the very purpose of charming the senses. My actresses were chosen from among the handsomest girls in all Berlin. I always made them appear in such dresses as would add, if possible, to their charms. With the same view, I generally chose the subjects of the entertainment from mythology; for instance, Jove and Leda, Venus and Cupid, Hymen's Wake, &c. A celebrated man of learning of the capital, the manager of my little thea-

tre, took with a smile the presents which the enchanted monarch gave him, and since that time abstained from Inveighing against the King's mistress in his satirical writings.

Some disturbances, which took place in the provinces, and particularly at Berlin, gave me the fairest opportunity to induce the King to prohibit the publication of all such works as treated of liberty, equality, and the imprescriptible rights of man, and in general of all such trash.

A kind of inquisition, which, through my interference, was introduced throughout the country, enabled me to obtain a knowledge of all the pamphlets that represented me in my true colours to the world, and to suppress them. And, if at any time some determined scribbler had the audacity to transgress the limits of the liberty of thinking and writing, it would, through the medium of my creatures, represent the act as an attempt nothing short of high treason against the King's Majesty itself, in which case imprisonment for life, or banishment from the King's dominions, was the unavoidable consequence. Such was the fate of the merchants Z———, C———, of Doctor K———, and of Captain L———.

Upon the whole, my emissaries and I had, at that time, the most absolute and unprecedented sway.

The subject felt all the weight of my despotic oppression, and the lash of my scourge. Frankness in scientific debate, cordiality in mutual communication, and hilarity in company, entirely disappeared. My spies were dreaded every where. Upright magistrates, who pronounced sentence according to the dictates of right and reason, were dismissed; those of the clergy, who ventured to preach common sense, lost their places, and were banished the country; the most important trials were superseded, because the verdicts were expected to fall out against me and my friends. Several of the public offices I caused to be given to my creatures; I forged warrants of arrest, and orders of the cabinet; rewarded spies, informers, and runners, with large sums of money and honourable offices; nay, I had, without any apparent reason, a young lady arrested, merely because I dreaded that her beauty would supplant me. In a word, whatever did not pass through my hands, or was not subservient to my schemes, was sure to be crushed. A certain man in office, who repeatedly had embezzled the public money, sued for my protection; I had him created a nobleman, and chief judge of the Criminal Court. But, in return for this good office, he was, from gratitude, bound to give his verdict in every cause that concerned either me or my friends, as I would have it. He did indeed once attempt to

recede from it, and to have it his own way, in the affair with Miss Belderbush; this was the name of the young lady, just before mentioned; but I had influence enough to punish him for his temerity; he was dismissed, and banished the kingdom. This was likewise the lot of the Countess D——, and the Privy Counsellor G——, against whom a suspicion of being concerned in a scheme of poisoning was urged, and who were compelled to leave the P—— dominions. Such was at that time the power of the trumpeter's daughter, whose favour, thirty years back, might be purchased for a dollar.

Rietz, my late husband, perfectly agreed with me in this point. This man, who from a common labouring gardener, had risen to the office of a Privy Chamberlain, had made it his study, and completely acquired, the art of bending and twisting his lord and master to whatever shape and form I wished, and of imbuing him with the most erroneous notions concerning his subjects. He generally used to keep a pack of large mastiffs, that would frighten away every unwelcome suppliant; and if ever any one had the audacity of attempting to approach the K—g, he was sure to be treated with a sound caning, and a few blows in his face, and might think himself well off with the loss of half a dozen of his teeth. As an instance of this, a poor young fellow, the only

son of a shoemaker, who had attempted to present a petition in behalf of his distressed parents, was, by Mr. Rietz himself, well threshed, then sent to the watch-house, and, by way of a lasting remembrance of his temerity, forced as a soldier into a stationary regiment. Of all this the King knew nothing, for his good and tender heart prompted him to do justice and grant protection to the very meanest of his subjects; he verily believed that his people were all happy and content; and had he the least idea of any such cruel outrage, the perpetrator would have been punished in the severest manner, even had it been my darling Rietz himself. But his dogs were trained to know every avenue, so that an access to the King was rendered altogether inaccessible. He also knew how to avail himself of the influence he had over the King, and by the proper management of this very influence a number of petitions and complaints were suppressed, and condemned to the flames and silence, many an order of the cabinet was deceitfully obtained, and the best places under government were given to our party. This indeed was not the means to inspire the people with love for their Sovereign, but what was that to us? Provided the monarch could be made to believe that all were happy and satisfied, and that there was no reason for complaint, all was well enough; nay, the people themselves facilitated our views, and strengthened the King in his good

creed. On many public occasions, they would hail their prince with loud applause and acclamation. *God save the King* was sung in German at the theatres and concerts, and the best poets of the nation exhausted all their Parnassian fire to produce a good parody of this favourite popular song of the people of England. Every pamphlet, every newspaper, every production of the press, bore testimony to the happiness of the people; in every one of them the nation was represented as laying their allegiance and love at the foot of the throne, ready to spend their last shilling, and shed the last drop of their blood, in his support. Thus this easy good-natured prince was led to believe that every thing was right, and that he lived in the heart of his subjects, which he certainly did, notwithstanding our oppression and injustice.

It must be confessed, that good master Rietz carried his insolence rather too far. The wealth which, through just and unjust means, had flowed into his coffers had inflated him with pride and vanity; he became presumptive, brutal, and rough; he therefore thought he might bear down every thing before him by main force. The tricks, which he played behind his master's back, deprived the King of a share of the affections of his people; distress, fear, and smothered resentment, had got possession of every heart. Very often the blood of

the desperate wretch would flow from this sole consideration, that nothing was to be done with the K—g, let the cause be ever so just. This indeed was too hard. I have, however, pretty well succeeded in mortifying his presumption. This proud *ci-devant* gardener's boy once took it into his head to fall in love with Madam B——s. He had even gone so far as to project a marriage with her, when at once a warrant was issued from the cabinet, by virtue of which the lady was removed from the Berlin stage, and an end was put to the farce. His mind was tortured with mortification and shame, and he found himself reluctantly obliged to see his fair one, without friend or protector, cast on the wide world. But the wretch deceived me after all, and cringed and flattered till I winked at his presumption, and let him bear away his prize.

As the K—g evinced a great predilection for every thing supernatural, a predilection which he had derived from his intercourse with the Rosicrucians, and from all the magic tricks they had played off before him, I was highly pleased at the arrival of the Chevalier Pinetti de Mercy. This man sought my protection, and I was very willing to grant it. Furnished with numberless recommendations, and dressed out, like a nobleman, with laced and embroidered clothes, watches, and rings, set with valuable brilliants, his access to the king was

not very difficult. This fellow in fact was nothing but a charlatan, but he was well skilled in the art of deception, so that I saw his mountebankism might be of use to me and my party. His tricks with cards consisted in nothing but legerdemain, and I placed no value on them; on the other hand, his physical deceptions, as he pleased to term them, were the more entertaining. The K—g was highly pleased with his physical deceptions, made him a present of five thousand dollars for the erection of a theatre, and gave him the title of Professor of Physic of the Court, with a pension of six hundred dollars a year. This prodigality of course roused the envy of the philosophers of Berlin, and, among others, one Professor Kosmann ventured to publish a treatise on Pinetti's work, in which he called his paltry tricks the *ne plus ultra* of natural philosophy. The Professor, in this pamphlet, endeavoured to prove, that every thing was pretty clear and natural, and that the famous Pinetti was neither more nor less than a common legerdemain conjuror. The chevalier was very much displeased at this publication, and wrote the Professor word, that, if he did not immediately suppress his work, and apologize for the epithets of *conjuror* and *mountebank*, he, Mr. Pinetti, would give the Professor an answer *à l'Italiana*. Pinetti was in right earnest, and preferred his complaints against Kosmann to the K—g. The Professor justifi-

fied himself by transmitting to his Majesty a copy of the work, and assuring him, that his only motive for writing it was to give a hint to the students of the military school not to suffer themselves to be deceived by appearances. The K—g smiled, and Kofmann got off without any farther molestation. This work has nevertheless done poor Pinetti a great deal of injury. He wrote to me from St. Petersburg: “ Dear Countess, It is enough to make a man run crazy, to see how my physical experiments have been hissed and hooted at Konigsberg; on my first performance, the greatest number of my spectators had the pamphlet of that meddling Professor Kofmann in their hands, and laughed and scoffed at me; and after the third exhibition I was compelled to close my theatre, or exhibit to empty benches. Here the patriarch of Jacobinism, that infernal Kant, lives and plays his tricks; here is the very den of the red-capped Jacobin gang, and his Majesty would do well, for the benefit of his own dominions, to destroy this nest of wasps and vipers, and to prohibit Kant, who besides is an old man, all manner of reading and writing. Ah! with what extacy all flocked at Berlin to the divine Pinetti! the high and the low, the wealthy and the great, were charmed, whenever Pinetti deigned to address them. Here in St. Petersburg things go on better, &c.”

At this time I had made a second journey to Italy, and brought to Berlin the celebrated Vizano and her husband. I could not possibly have procured the K—g a greater pleasure than the opportunity of seeing and admiring those two famous dancers. As Vizano had left the stage at Vienna on account of his being so violently in love with her, I thought I could keep her at Berlin; but these capering wretches had no other view but to make money, and would on no account enter into my projects. I therefore had a number of pupils and figuranti regularly trained up, who alternately performed on my little private theatre, which answered my purposes very well. To these means I then had recourse; for, as I began to be aware that my charms were on the decline, and incapable of any longer rivetting the fetters of my lover; and, as he besides was fond of variety, I invented a thousand novelties, and called forth all my ingenuity to retain him in my net.

To this point I succeeded so completely, that the K—g never undertook a step in his amours without consulting me. Besides, I had by that time acquired a perfect knowledge of the mysteries in which I had been initiated during my stay in France and Italy, and for which I had paid very considerable sums. This consisted in the mixture of certain narcotic ingredients, which I

administered to the K—g in his drink, and which had the effect of weakening his nerves and of troubling his imagination. By these means I obtained a constant sway over him, and this very artificial weakness proved the rod with which I chastised and governed him. I had moreover become a great proficient in the Machiavelian principles, and occasionally knew how to make use of them to my advantage. The rack, the whip, and banishment, were lucky discoveries, and stood in the order of the day; and, however humane the K—g might be, however averse from severity, except in cases of convicted guilt, I, nevertheless, had through artifice and cunning so far succeeded, that every one trembled at the thoughts of my unlimited power, and yet blamed the K—g for its effects. Thus he was often, but as often unjustly, called a tyrant; for he was in fact the most just, the most humane, of princes. It was his weakness, of which I availed myself, that put him in this odious light, and my manner of treating the people caused them to murmur and to complain. I would intercept letters, and by the aid of my helpmates had new ones forged; I likewise had orders of the cabinet distributed. The Courts of Justice, on my request, were forced to deliver up original deeds and papers, which I then arbitrarily committed to the flames. Through my Machiavelian arts, I obtained the sums that were requisite for the expences of my household,

my buildings, and travels. In short, every thing was at my command. This was the rage of the trumpeter's daughter.

Yet my pride was not satisfied. It is obvious, that the Court, the nobility, and all the great people in the kingdom, must hate me, though in public they would shew me every mark of respect; I knew this, and would be revenged. There happened to be a great *fête* at Court, at which none but the Royal Family and the most distinguished persons among the nobility were to appear; that was to be the scene of my vengeance. I prevailed upon the K—g to be permitted to appear at Court as Countess of Lichtenau. General — ushered me in; I was dressed in a royal robe, showered all over with diamonds and precious stones. The Royal Family turned their backs upon me, and I was noticed by none but the courtiers. I was vexed, and complained to the K—g. “*Il faut faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu,*” said he, and gently tapped my cheeks.

On the next morning my steward brought me word, that all my fine furniture at my seat at Charlottenberg had been broken to pieces, the beds ripped open, and the costly feathers of down strewed all over the rooms. I suspected immediately who was the perpetrator, and brought my complaints

before the K—g, who made up threefold for the loss I had sustained.

During my stay at Franckfort, I formed an acquaintance with the Marquis Mousons, whom the revolution had compelled to leave France. He was both a shrewd and a handsome man, almost as cunning and as artful as Pinetti. At my request he was made reader to the K—g; he was a perfect master of the art of diverting the monarch's *ennui* and ill temper through his wit and humour, and through that frivolity which has fallen particularly to the lot of the French. He courted my affections, but with such respect and submission as were a thousand times more flattering to me than the tenderest caresses of the most enamoured fop. He gradually gained my confidence, and, at last, a certain intimacy took place between us, which put me in the possession of many a valuable secret. He completed me in the sublime politics of Machiavel, and we formed and established a society, to which none but such were admitted as had been rigorously tried. The principle members were B—, W—, H—, H—, O—, B—, A—, G—, P— du B—, R—; myself and Mousons were permanent presidents.

Our orders were executed by my brother and a relation of mine, one Kunaffius, a huntsman, and the watchman of our assembly.

Here are a few of the articles which Mousons had drawn up, and which every member was obliged to keep sacred on his oath.

The first law of all was the most inviolate secrecy, and rather to suffer to have the tongue cut out than betray a single secret of the society.

All the members that were chosen must promise to watch every one with whom they should happen to have any intercourse, and to listen attentively to all their discourses. To report faithfully, and in writing, to me and Mousons, all they had observed and heard. They were to insinuate themselves into the Courts of Judicature, and every now and then to undertake little trips into the country, in order to discover what was going forward there, either to our advantage or disadvantage. This arrangement enabled me to be informed of every thing that happened in the cabinet of the King, the ministers, and the generals; to know all the verdicts given in the different departments of the law and police, as also all the orders issued in every regiment. I was acquainted with the secrets of every family, nay, with the

temper of almost every individual person, and, of course, might take my measures accordingly.

Each member had, for the private use of his correspondence, the following figures or cyphers:

12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 13, 14, 15,

a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, k, l, m, n, o, p,

16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24.

q, r, s, t, u, w, x, y, z.

If any of our letters had been intercepted, it still would, with these precautions, have been difficult to unravel their contents. Besides the above cyphers, Monfons, I, and B——, had other different sets of figures, which we changed from time to time, and as circumstances would require.

Our principles admitted affassination, suicide, poisoning, murder, perjury, treason, rebellion, and, in short, all the means which *prejudiced men* have termed crimes.

Much less obedience was to be shewn to the K—g and the laws than to me. And should any one presume to adhere to the K—g and the magistrates rather than to me, he must be crushed, as it was the case with E—— and the architect B——.

A general confusion in the government must, of course, increase the extent of my power, and, therefore, it was our grand object to excite distrust in the K—g against his subjects, in the ministers against their subalterns, and in the counsellors against their own colleagues. No power could save the man who shewed me the least shadow of neglect or contempt.

We had found means to bribe those who were employed at the post-offices in the country-towns, and they would let us have certain letters, which we either destroyed or opened and sealed again, without its being visible.

We even had our emissaries in foreign countries, who were to endeavour to get admittance to the houses of the great, of the foreign ministers, and the rich merchants, with a view of exciting dissention between the rulers of those respective countries and their subjects, between parents and children, and between the most intimate friends. They were to form cabals, invent calumnies, rouse hatred and suspicion against any thing that did not agree with our plan, and to persecute our antagonists with poison and dagger. Religion itself was not to be spared when our welfare required it so. They were to seize every opportunity to interfere with politics, to excite commo-

tions, to preach rebellion, and through bribery to work up the people to revolt.

By means of this extended connexion, my power became so immense; by this I carried every thing. It was this that made the world wonder how, with her withered charms, the Countess of Lichtenau could manage to lead the K—g which way she chose. The end sanctifies the means, said my great tutor, Machiavel, and Mousons would analyze this doctrine with me in its most minute details. He likewise was the man who initiated me into the mysteries of the God and the Goddess of Love, and let me into such secrets as no man before him had yet opened to my eyes. Oh! this Mousons was a great genius! and his gallantry was the true gallantry of a Frenchman.

I succeeded in persuading the K——g that the use of the waters of Pyrmont would prove highly beneficial to his health.

Mousons wrote to Hamburgh for a set of French players; every kind of amusement imaginable was thought of to entertain the monarch. He suffered, indeed, inexpressibly from a pectoral dropsy. Pyrmont was converted into paradise upon earth; we had balls, operas, fire-works, cassinos, suppers, dinners, breakfasts, horse-races. All turned round

the K—g in a perpetual circle of diversion, and the fair sex particularly strove to attract the eye of the illustrious guest.

I there, likewise, had a little adventure, which particularly concerned myself. The Prince of W———, the proprietor of Pymont, fell deeply in love with me, and made me a formal proposal of marriage. I had resolved to exchange the title of a Countess for that of a Princess, and things had gone so far that I had even obtained the K—g's permission for the purpose. But some minister, who, at an ominous hour, dissuaded him from the purchase of Pymont, threw such obstacles in my way, as entirely blasted this glorious marriage. I would have been revenged of him, had not the sudden weakness of the K—g hastened our departure for Potsdam.

I left Pymont with a heavy heart, and with a still heavier heart I arrived, in the K—g's company, at the Marble-palace, at Potsdam. Oh! could I have the least notion that this journey was to put an end to all my glory? Was it possible for me to have the remotest shadow of a dream, that the powerful, the adored, the immortalized, the dreaded, Countess of Lichtenau, like an abject criminal, should be kept in close confinement, in the very same palace where, sovereign

like, she dictated laws to a mighty monarch, and a mighty people, that had so often groaned under the weight of her oppressive despotism? Could I have thought to see myself some time scoffed at, derided, and despised, by enemies, who rejoiced at my downfall, and to whom the clank of my chains is the harmony of music? To see myself the object of satire and abuse in all the newspapers, pamphlets, ballads, and other vile publications, in which my fame, my rank, and title, are traduced with unparalleled licentiousness? Could I have thought that my divine, my dearest-beloved Mousons, he, the prototype and mirror of the virtues of all the French emigrants, loaded with irons, should be dragged a prisoner to the fortress of Magdeburg? Alas! my journey to Pyrmont proved the tomb of my glory; the divine music which I heard in that enchanting scene of dissipation was converted into a mournful dirge to attend my bier. Those whom I have oppressed and wantonly tormented now rise against me, and loudly proclaim their own wrongs, and the infamy of the prostitute that squandered away the little product of their hard money, and carried millions into foreign countries. The sound of their cries strikes my ear with double horror, for, alas! it is the voice of truth!

Until the K—g's death, I never dreamed things would go so far with me; hence I kept up my

usual mode of living, and, together with my associates, had nothing else in view but to amuse the Monarch. He was frequently subject to a temporary absence of mind, and experienced, besides, the most unpleasant symptoms of body. To assuage the one and the other, I used to administer to him corroborating draughts and narcotic powders. Alas! I did not know that I was busily employed in laying the speedy foundation of my own ruin, for these very medicines tended to enfeeble his constitution, and, instead of restoring health, had the contrary effect, which was daily visible. The vivacity of Mousons, the gambols of my dancing nymphs and sportive Naiades were called into assistance to dissipate the clouds that settled on the Sovereign's brow, to do which myself I had the power no more.

As the K—g had been ordered to take much exercise, I used to accompany him in a small triumphal car, in which he took frequent airings in the gardens of the Marble-palace. The access to his person had been strictly forbidden, and I had the sole and uninterrupted enjoyment of his presence. At that time I dispatched Mousons to Hamburgh with some secret papers, which I had found in the red pocket-book, with directions to communicate them to Lord —, who was then at that place. These papers consisted of the secret

articles of the peace which had been concluded with France; they answered my purpose exceedingly well, and I was paid for them with a good round sum of E——h g——. Curled pocket-book! thou art the cause of my misfortune; I have to thank thee for my confinement. Hadst thou not been discovered in my possession, what could the new K—g have urged against the Countess of Lichtenau? Perhaps my being the K—g's mistress. Who had a right to interfere with that? Who dared to find fault with that? Had not the Rev. Dr. H——, one of the ecclesiastical board, a few years ago, openly declared, that the country ought to vote thanks to the Countess of Lichtenau for promoting the purity of the Christian religion? But I am guilty of a crime against the state; I am guilty of high treason; there lies the rub; there the cause of my anxiety, and my fear of imprisonment for life. Hence the remorse that preys on my mind day and night, and which deprives me of sleep and rest in the gloomy walls of my prison.

By the joint advice of Moulons and Rietz, I gave the K—g a *fête*, the gaiety of which was to surpass every thing. The spot pitched upon for this purpose was one of those gardens at Potsdam which we called the English gardens, and in which the beauties and the deformities of nature are all collected and contrasted with each other on a few

acres of land. This spot was kept under lock and key by one of the trusty guards of the association. My Naiades, Cupids, Sylphs, and Nymphs, scarcely veiled with transparent gauze, opened this diversifement, and the first beauties were selected to heighten the glowing scene. After the pantomime commenced a ball.

A ball, it is well known, is a great promoter of voluptuousness. One couple after the other disappeared; whole groupes were seen scattered about in the most lascivious attitudes; here a Dido in the embraces of an Æneas; there a Cleopatra, lost in an ocean of delight with her tender Antony. Little Cupids, in half-lighted grottos, by the twinkling ray of an expiring torch, prepared the hymeneal feast, in which the God of Love, the hero of the piece, exerted his talents in the most enamoured manner.

I walked hand in hand with the K——g through these enchanting scenes, and explained to him the meaning of the various groups. Beautiful! excellent! delightful! exclaimed he repeatedly. What a charming woman thou art, Minna! One of the dancers, a pretty little girl, whom I had initiated into all the mysteries of love, and whom the K——g was particularly partial to, attended us on our promenade, and, on a signal agreed between us,

conducted him to a bower, the most enchanting that imagination can paint. The King would sit down upon the green, when on a sudden it opened, and presented a beautiful sofa with cushions, over which an elegant baldachin of flowers was suspended, in wreaths and festoons. At a convenient distance I had placed a male and a female singer, who were to represent a love-scene, and to accompany their amorous attitudes with songs expressive of their passions; a little farther off another voice echo-like repeated the sweet accents, whilst at a still greater distance the liquid sounds of a German flute died on the love-sick breeze, and threw the soul into that kind of pensive melancholy which generally leads to the most exquisite delights. The songster began, the flute warbled, the echo repeated, the tune was so heart-melting, the words so tender, the situation so novel, the King so pressing—

This was the last tender scene in which we were engaged; for a few days afterwards his health declined visibly, and he was unable to leave his bed. Even on his sick couch, Mousons strove to soothe his melancholy and his pain through well-chosen amusements, but all in vain. The machine was deranged, and stopped at the very moment when I least expected it.

The man was now gone that raised me from nothing, and showered favours on me; that sun was set in whose lustre I shone with borrowed light. The veil fell off; and, seized with horror and remorse, I at once sunk again into my original insignificance. I shook as if I had been touched by the chilling hand of death, and scarce had recollection enough to desire Mousons to order post-horses, to empty the King's strong box, and to take possession of his large diamond and his pocket-book. At that instant an officer entered with twenty-four men, and informed me, that, by order of the new King, I was his prisoner. Mousons was immediately taken into custody, and within twenty-four hours transported to Magdeburg. Thunderstruck, I stared at the officer, collected all the effrontery I still could muster, and, with a haughty countenance and tone of voice, asked him, Who dared to arrest a Countess?—No one but the Emperor dared do so.

The Officer.—It may be so; but at present I have the order of the King my master, which both you and I must obey. Should the King be mistaken, and wrong you, Madam, I am sure he will give you ample satisfaction.

I was a prisoner; my papers were sealed up; the cursed pocket-book and the King's ring were

taken from me, and a select committee were appointed to examine my treasonable practices against the King and his subjects. I am criminal before my own conscience; I am so in the eye of the law. To whom must I appeal? Who will protect the wretch who thus has outraged humanity? Who can save me? and what have I to expect? Mercy alone I must have recourse to, and what will not mercy do? What is mercy but to forgive the criminal? And is not forgiveness the most glorious prerogative of regal power? I own my crimes are boundless; they call to Heaven for vengeance,—but all may be well yet; the King is just—but he is merciful—and I am a frail woman!

ORIGINAL PAPERS
OF THE
COUNTESS LICHTENAU,
COMMONLY CALLED
MINNA ENCKE.

I AM with child, mother, and big F—— is ready to die with joy about it. But he is fond of variety. About eight days since there came an Italian strumpet here from Leipfic; I think her name is Saporette; that cursed pander, that Frenchman, Dufour, has introduced her to him. She has been repeatedly with the Prince at Potsdam, so Rietz has told me. But patience only; I'll contrive to let the King know, and then all her fine plans will be defeated; out of the kingdom with her in a hurry! The King, I am informed, a few days ago, said, If my nephew cannot live without a w——e, I should prefer to see him keep a German to a foreigner; the latter are much more expensive, and may some time discover and

reveal secrets of the State. Your powder, mother, does wonders; whenever F—— has taken a dose of it, he is quite amorous, and loads me with careffes and favours. Let him think what he pleases, say I to myself, provided I can retain my powers over him. Yesterday George brought me a fine watch, set with brilliants, bracelets, and ear-rings of the same, a stomacher, and a superb necklace, with a medallion containing the Prince's portrait. Herewith I sent you thirty Frederics-d'ors for my brother; I have created him my equerry; he is to dispatch my letters to Potsdam, and must have a good poney, whose oats and furniture are my concern.

THE King has been pleased to send Madam Saporetti, well attended, out of the land, and given orders to look after Monsieur Dufour. He keeps himself concealed at Berlin, and, to elude all inquiry, has taken the name Chofieu. The Prince has not the least notion of all this being my doings, and is as tender and as loving as ever. Rietz himself is very glad to see that French puppy in the dumps, for who knows but he might some time have got him out of his master's favour, for he is full of intrigue, and then all would be over with every one of us. Rietz is a good kind of

stupid fellow, all on my side, and seems to be pleased to see the Prince so constant in his love to me.

THE Prince absolutely insists upon my marriage with Rietz, because since the late discovery the King is angry with him. It is only intended to be a mere farce to outwit the old fox, who, as he is past all enjoyment, would have others insensible to every pleasure to keep him company.

I shall be obliged to swallow the bitter draught, and permit his Highness's shoe-black to call me his wife. Krantz has inserted a most biting epigram against me in his weekly publication; it alludes to my former calling, when I used to sell lemons and oranges. Curse the fool! send him four Fredericks-d'ors, and he will hold his tongue, I warrant you; he is nothing but a hungry scribbler, that for money would convert angels into devils, and devils into angels of light.

SINCE the last review in Silesia, the King is extremely suspicious and ill-tempered with the Prince, and all our party. He has him watched as closely as possible, and knows every one that

comes and goes. My dear F——c can only visit me by night; he comes on horseback, changes his horses at Zehlendorf, and leaves me at three in the morning. At five he is back at Potsdam, and every morning appears on the parade to avoid suspicion. The King has sent Forcade for a soldier to a regiment at Brieg, because, as he pleases to term it, he assists his nephew in all his little frolics. The Prince is extremely chagrined at it, and has consoled poor Forcade with the prospect of better times. This may, probably, have induced him, in his fits of ill humour, to vent his rage on poor Rietz, whom, of late, he has several times treated to a royal caning. There are two Silesian Counts at Berlin, of the name of Wingersky; the Prince is very intimate with them. Who are those fellows? My brother must watch them, and let me know.

Werner, of Breslau, and Eckstein, of Schmiedberg, have brought money. The rich convents of those places have granted a joint loan, which the Prince has promised to repay them on his accession to the throne. They are pretty good people. This Werner and this Eckstein have paid me a visit to-day, together with Rietz.

THE old grumbler walks upon his last legs; and, by what Selle and Zimmermann have told the Prince, he cannot hold out above three weeks longer, and then who is to interrupt our career? Oh! the pretty casks full of gold which lie in the cellars underneath the old palace at Berlin! We will bring them to light. Then we command, do any thing I chuse, and I'll turn him about till I find the right handle of him. Now we shall soon want a set of confidential persons to assist us with counsel and deed; for, alas! what do we know about government and politics? Werner and Bender are two men that will do for me; they know better than I what they are about.

THESE last three weeks have been monstrous long; every hour we expected to receive the news of his death. But he is gone at last; between two and three this morning the old grumbler breathed his last, and my F——c is King. Only think, mother, F——c is King! Minna now will govern, and from this very instant a new prospect begins to open to us. I am going to buy a house Unter den Linden*. I mean to fill it

* A street in Berlin, so called from the plantation of lime-trees laid out there.

with entire new furniture, which shall not be a whit inferior to that of the Queen's. Werner has been made minister, and Bender has obtained the commission of a major-general and adjutant. These are two of our creatures, do you see, who will work our good-natured K—g nicely.

THE King has, a few days since, paid repeated visits to the Dowager-Queen; and my spies tell me, that he is extremely smitten with the beauty of Miss V——*, who, in fact, has been the only

* Mademoiselle Voss has a kind of natural wit, some information, is rather more wilful than firm, and is very obviously awkward, which she endeavours to disguise by assuming an air of simplicity. She is ugly, and that even to a degree; and her only excellence is the goodness of her complexion, which I think rather wan than white, and a fine neck; over which she threw a double handkerchief the other day, as she was leaving Prince Henry's comedy, to cross the apartments, saying to the Princess Frederica, "I must take good care of them, for it is after these they run." It is this mixture of eccentric licentiousness (which she accompanies with airs of ignorant innocence) and vestal severity, which the world says has seduced the King. Mademoiselle Voss, who holds it ridiculous to be German, and who is tolerably well acquainted with the English language, affects the Anglo-mania to excess, and thinks it a proof of politeness not to love the French. Her vanity, which has found itself under restraint, when in company with some amiable people of that nation, hates those it cannot imitate, more especially because her sarcasms are returned with interest. Thus, for instance, the other day I could

cause of all these visits. All our engines are at play to extinguish this flame, and if I cannot bring that about, I am lost for ever! All this is a court-cabal to get me out, and one of the nobility in. Some people, by this means, hope to acquire greater influence in the affairs of the State. Miss V——, I am told, has a pretty face, and, what is still worse, she is said to be extremely virtuous; the King will, therefore, be at some trouble to subdue her. The Dowager-Queen, a very godly princess, keeps a sharp look out, and has, I am told, loudly expostulated about it with the King.

My spies watch every motion, and I am instantaneously apprized of the most minute occurrence. I don't know how it is, but some time since the King was extremely reserved with me, and I

not keep silence when I heard an exclamation, "Oh, heavens! when shall I see, when shall we have an English play! I really should expire with rapture!" For my part, Madam, said I drily, "I rather wish you may not, sooner than you imagine, stand in need of French plays." All those who began to be offended by her high airs, smiled; and Prince Henry, who pretended not to hear her, laughed aloud. Her face was suffused with blushes, and she did not answer a word, but it is easy to punish, difficult to correct.

She has hitherto declared open war against the mystics, and detests the daughters of the chief favourite, who are maids of honour to the Queen. But as amidst her weaknesses she is transported by devotion even to superstition, nothing may be depended on for futurity.—*Mirabeau's Secret History of the Court of Berlin,*

would lay my head that all this is on account of Miss V——. But let me but once more lay hold of him, and your powder shall do wonders, mother; he then shall leave me no more, I warrant you. We have contrived matters so, that my F——c, in the newspapers, is called the dear beloved; he gives full credit to the appellation, and who knows but those that wrote this nonsense believed it to be true full as well as he does?

WOE! woe! and three times woe! the great mischief has begun. Miss V—— has yielded, and is the King's favorite. Could you think of any thing so exquisitely foolish as this? She has given herself up to the King, on condition of having a left-handed marriage! The first Court Chaplain and Member of the Consistory, the Rev. H——, on Friday last, performed the ceremony at the palace of Charlottenburg, for which he received a hundred glittering Frederics-d'ors. She is now formally Queen, on the left hand, and, in the most extensive meaning of the word, the ruling queen, for she governs even the King. Would you believe it, mother, a formal law has, by order of the King, been made concerning marriages on the left hand, and this law has been inserted in the code of laws with all the publicity, to give a

sanction to this archicomical mock-marriage! The public laugh at it, make remarks, and no one follows this Don Quixotism. But, dear mother, what is to become of me? I must have the K—g, should I tear him out of the arms of Proserpine herself, should I be forced to fetch him out of the midst of heaven or of hell. He shall be mine, mine alone! Think of means, dear sweet mother! No matter what means, no matter how dangerous! Necessity has no law; I must clear the road to the heart of my F——e; I will pull up by the root every thing that opposes me; V—— must vanish away from among the living. Ask A—lang, Werner, Bender, and all our people, how I must set about it. I will have no denial; a third person is most fit for the business.

V—— is pregnant, and does not suffer the King to go from her side one minute. He is most vulgarly smitten with that little figure; he sees nothing but through her eyes; he does nought but by her directions. They say, in town, that she makes him do many a good action*; I know nothing of it.

* Literally true. Had this good and liberal soul lived longer, the sweat of the brows of the subjects would not have been squandered away in so wanton a manner.

What do they call good? Is it, perhaps, that now he meddles with the concerns of the land, and reads every scrap himself? Pray what has a King ministers for, and why does he pay them? Let those work, and let him be merry and amuse himself! State-affairs are much too tedious to interfere with them. As soon as I have him again, I will soon make him sensible that my philosophy is the best of all, and alone suits a monarch. He shall be no secretary; not he, indeed; he shall not daily stain his fingers with ink, and sign nonsense. Rietz and M—— may do that. A-propos, let me soon know the pleasing intelligence, of which you gave me a hint not long since. Aqua toffana won't do, dear mother, for we are not yet intimate enough with V—— to approach her thus. It ought to be a subtle and expeditious remedy, such a one as will rid us of that fool without creating any suspicion.

This moment Rietz comes to inform me, that the King has raised Miss V—— to a Countess I——heim. He has sent her to-day, by Rietz, the Imperial diploma, together with a brilliant hair pin, of great value. For God's sake, speak with S—— about the matter, lest you will have me lose my senses.

Minna! Minna! only don't be so violent. S— has been busy for us all. In the afternoon he will send you the box with the powder, you know, and which has arrived from Venice only last night. F— went thither post, day and night, and stopt but one day at Vienna to take a little rest. It costs 2000 zechins, but its effect is worth more than 2000 millions. But hush and be close! and, for God's sake, no more confidants!

SHE is safely gone to eternal rest, mother, and we may again be tranquil. During the first fortnight the King has been inconsolable, and would suffer nobody in his presence, for he was actually in love with the silly creature. But he will come round again, I hope. To-morrow I give a *fête* at Charlottenburg, and there I will muster up what charms I have to rivet the rambler for ever. Your powder, dear mother, must again do the business. I have now good hopes all goes on to my wishes.

LETTERS

FROM

VIENNA, ITALY, FRANCE, and PYRMONT.*

ONE cannot know, my dear A——, what turn this may take with us, at the event of some future change. I therefore, first of all, intend to take a trip to Pisa, as it is called, and there I'll contrive to place my property, which chiefly consists in good paper and jewels, as advantageously as I can. Let a change take place then, I don't care, for I know whither to direct my course. Pray let the pamphlet in question be as biting as possible, for it is intended to produce effects. The people shall know that I am the favorite of the

* As the letters, and other writings of the Countess of Lichtenau, reach down to the French revolution and the expedition against that nation, but, having scarce any thing interesting in them, except what concerns the amorous intrigues of an artful woman, the Editor has thought proper to omit all that commonplace stuff, to present the Reader with papers of greater importance.

King, their Sovereign, and that I was born to command. Rietz will purposely destroy every paper, and every proposal, that comes from that quarter. Werner and Bender have, likewise, disposed the King in a manner, that he will accede to nothing that has not our sanction. He must be amused with all imaginable kinds of entertainments, that may tend to divert his mind so that he may lose all recollection of this business. He is busy with projects concerning the Countess of the Mark; he is looking out for a good match for the sweet creature. Many have already applied to me, wishing to obtain my consent, but none of them would suit. The magnificent monument of marble of Carrara, for my son, is to be ready next week.

Pisa is an agreeable place, where you may amuse yourself like a Queen; notwithstanding which I shall not stay above four weeks. Pray tell Bender, M——, and Werner, to prepare the King against my return. And what is that story about the Countess D—hoff? I hope he is not in earnest with that creature; don't let things go so far as they went with the Countess I—heim. Let that be your care, dear A——. I have no objection if the King means nothing but a little

amusement. At Vienna they are busy with the Imperial diploma for me. Keep a good watch, and let me know.

Dear little Rietz, I must be separated from you, for within six weeks I shall be a Countess. Be assured, at the same time, that all this will produce no alteration in our connexion. All shall remain on the old footing; we only change names.

Believe me, good boy, you and I act too conspicuous a part not to be envied. To silence the invidious, and to awe those who, through their exalted birth, might injure us, I am to be made Countess Lichtenau. The Court of Vienna has great influence, and its protection may be of use to me. All the return they expect for this is a mere trifle; nothing but an alliance against France. I am to persuade the King to it. When at Vienna I shall mention more of this plan to A——, Werner, and Bender. Till then farewell, my good Rietz, and clear the King's lobbies of all those that can injure me in his affections.

Friend A——, tell Bender that an express from me will communicate a plan to him, by which

the King is to be persuaded to undertake a journey to Pilnitz. The Court of Vienna then will send an invitation to the King, and the Ch—r de S—— accepts the interview. Could not it be contrived at the same time that the King goes to the review at Bressau? All must be done within a fortnight. Vienna is an enchanting place, and it has more charms for me than Berlin itself; there are a thousand varieties here. I am much courted by the great, and the letters the I——l ambassador has furnished me with are all good. The Chancery of the Empire has orders to dispatch my diploma, without any further expence than the usual fees paid on those occasions. The Emperor to-morrow sets out upon a journey to Bohemia, and seems to have the execution of some grand plan in view. Only persuade Bender to an interview at Pilnitz; we must furnish the King with amusement.

THE courier of the camp has brought me the King's invitation to Pilnitz. He has been presented with 200 ducats by the Emperor, and I have given him a gold repeater. Some of these days I go by Prague to Dresden, where elegant lodgings are prepared for me at the Hotel de Saxe. The intelligence that the Countess D—hoff has incurred the King's displeasure, and that G—set

has been ordered out of the country, has filled me with extacy; it is music to my ears. Bender and Werner are actually great men; indeed I did not take them to be masters of so much art and address. An excellent idea, to make the King believe that they intended to poison him! Now he can escape us no more, should he even wish it.

FROM DRESDEN.

HERE we have a continual round of pleasures and entertainments. However short the meeting at Pilnitz might be, yet there was a variety of the most brilliant *fêtes*. Fireworks, illuminations, balls, an Italian opera buffa, in rapid succession, and I enjoyed it indeed. Leopold is gone to Prague to be crowned King of Bohemia; the King will stay one day longer. I have not been able to converse above twice with him; he was continually beset by the French emigrants, and the brother of the King of France. The campaign is resolved on, and we are allied with Austria. If the French do not chuse to let us have our way, our plan is to march strait to Paris, and to assist the Emperor to conquer Alsace and Lorraine. As an equivalent the King is to have Dantzic, Thorn, and a great part of Poland. All this, do you see, dear A——lany, has been but a stroke of the pen.

In eight days, at farthest, we are at Paris, and attend at the King's grand opera. Verdun has not cost us a single man, and I am here these eight days. *Voilà la maitresse déclarée du Roi de P—e*, say the French, as they survey me with a glance from top to toe. But let me reach Paris, dear A——lang, and you shall hear of me. Have you heard the news, that by my management the K—g has ordered lodgings for Dufour in the fortress of Magdeburg? That infamous rascal wrote from this place to his friends at Berlin. That vulgar gang would beset the K—g without intermission, and follow him even to France. Fine encomiums on the Prussian arms, indeed! It luckily happened, that the letter fell into my hands; I communicated it to the K—g at a favorable moment, and he sent him to Magdeburg. There he may continue his remarks on my journey to France as long as he shall think proper. I am glad to be rid, at last, of that cursed sneaking rascal.

We retreat as fast as we can; for our fine project of penetrating to Paris through Champagne has altogether miscarried. Dumourier has had an interview with the Prince and Count K—uth, after which our retreat was immediately resolved on. I travel through Limburg and Treves strait to Frankfort, and there wait for further news from you. I have again sent half a million of dollars,

in Frederic-d'ors, to my agent in London, and expect a fresh cargo from Berlin. I am, upon the whole, well pleased with the English; they are a charming nation.

I AM extremely concerned at what you tell me about the disturbances which have taken place at Breslau on account of the Privy Counsellor Werner, for you know how much we stand indebted to him. The deputies from Breslau have been introduced to the K—g here at Franckfort. His M——y has very graciously received them, and personally attended at the report which they made of the whole transaction. He is extremely displeased with Werner, and mean while has suspended him from his office. Pray, dear A—lang, see what you can do in poor Werner's behalf; he has an amazing number of enemies. As often as I take an opportunity to speak of him to the K—g, his answer always is, "Do not intercede for that fellow, he is a downright wretch." I am told, that the accounts received from South Prussia will have great influence upon the speedy return of the K—g. Rietz has received letters from Werner and I——ger, besides two addresses to the K—g, which he will tender him this day; they may, perhaps, produce some good effect, for he is in a good humour.

Get my palace ready, for I shall set off for Berlin before the K—g. He goes to South Prussia, and returns to Berlin by the way of Silesia; L—fini and B—werder are his only attendants. There must have arrived very important dispatches from Petersburg, for the cabinet is busy without interruption. The K—g has this day signified, both to the army and the different foreign ministers who are present at head-quarters, that he means to leave the army on the Rhine, and to repair to South Prussia. The Prince of Nassau has already waited on me several times, and yesterday made me a present of a magnificent cloke, of the most exquisite Russian fur.

A SERIES of letters follow, very little interesting; such as thoughts on the journey to Pisa, of the usual cast; a project for marrying the Countess of the Mark, her daughter; letters to du Bosk, Bauman, Wollner, Amelang, Schmidts, Rietz, Guldling, Granfort, &c.; forged cabinet-papers, cypher-writing, and chemical receipts; some Italian directions to use the aqua toffana, and other poisonous preparations; love-letters from several fools, among which there is even a *déclaration d'amour* of the Prince of W——k, from Pymont; intercepted letters, directed partly

to the K—g and his ministers, partly to other Sovereigns and great men; a project of a loan for the K—g, to which, likewise, belong the shares in the administration of the tobacco, that unfortunately miscarried; twelve blanks, with the signature of the K—g and the cabinet-seal.

PRAY, dear A——, enquire who has had the audacity to destroy my fine furniture at Charlottenburg, and to throw all my plate into the Spree, whilst I attended at the marriage of the hereditary Prince L—— is. You may well be surprised to hear of my being at Court; but who could refuse the Countess of Lichtenau? I have a notion that the outrage has been committed by officers, who were countenanced by the h——y P——, for otherwise, how could the guard at the palace have permitted it, without giving the alarm? The K—g has promised me satisfaction, and the scoundrels shall run the gauntlet. May those female fools burst with spite! I don't care; the K—g is mine for ever!

At my little domestic theatre I'll give to-morrow a most extraordinary *fête*, to which none but ladies of my acquaintance are invited. Every one is to appear in a light airy dress. The performance is

to open with an Italian piece, called Hymen's Wake. Some male and female dancers are to perform, on this occasion, in the usual mode. After the theatrical representation there is to be a grand ball, in such a stile as cannot fail to captivate the senses; after which I have prepared an enchanting grotto for the K—g. I have instructed little Schult, the dancer, how to behave; she is to represent a Venus. There is a *fête* for you! The K—g, not long ago, said to me, "What a charming woman you are, Minna! You sacrifice your own health to promote mine."

PYRMONT, IN 1797.

THE K—g actually means to purchase Pyrmont in right earnest, and negotiations on the subject are carried on with great activity. That little tract of country is incumbered with heavy debts; its produce is about 200,000 dollars a-year. The P—e de — has made me a serious tender of his hand, and thinks, by that means, to clear his estate. The titles of Princess and your Royal Highness, I must confess, have great charms for me. But then I cannot move in so extensive a circle as formerly, on account of my great distance from Berlin. What would you have me

do, A——lang? The French players at Hamburg have been called to this place; they are to have 500 Frederics d'ors for their journey hither, and as many on their return to Hamburg. The King suffers a great deal from his pectoral dropsy, that makes us think of such a variety of amusements for him. Between you and me, I am alarmed for his health. Even the English Doctor often shrugs up his shoulders, and gives but very faint hopes. If I can but bring about one thing, he may then depart in peace. My emigrant, Coller, is exactly the man we want; next week I send him to Hamburg with the papers in question, and I hope he will do business properly, and prove useful to us. My brother and Kunaffius are to accompany him.

Here follows a Number of Letters addressed to her Mother, out of which the following are selected:

I AM quite impatient to write to my dearest mother; I have so much to say that I don't know when I shall have done, but I must tell my dearest mother every thing, and then my mind will be at ease. I have had some dreadful dreams; pray Heaven that all be right. You must assist me with your advice; you must take care to discover every thing that is said of me; we must do every thing to retain our power and influence; I know the

people hate me because I hate them. If there are any lampoons handed about in secret, you must procure them, and find out, if possible, the authors. You know I have every thing to dread from my own sex. Paris is an enchanting city; such a continued round of pleasures, balls, operas, and dances;—and, then, such gallantry. You cannot conceive how my toilet is frequented by persons of the first rank, and how my charms are admired! But, O my dear mother, you cannot conceive how my pride is humbled as often as I think of the lowness of my birth! Sometimes I am like to faint when I think of it, but I banish it from my thoughts as fast as I can. What do titles, and beauty, and splendour, and power, avail? After all, I am but the daughter of a trumpeter; but K——se has been of great service to me in this respect, for he has whispered, under the seal of secrecy, that I am the daughter of Baron de S——ts, by a left-handed marriage. This story must be kept alive, and you must nod assent to it; and if a letter or two could be forged, it would stamp it with credit. Consult L——e on this, but if it is not managed with the greatest address, it will make things worse than ever; let me be the daughter of any one rather than the daughter of a trumpeter. I have sent Krebs purposely with this letter; you may trust him. The French women dress to the highest advantage, and Gleim

tells me, that some of the first judges of beauty say that I am ten times handsomer than the Countess du Barry was in her finest days. I send you a portrait of her, that you may judge, for I know my dear mother will not deceive me. Gleim is a charming fellow, but I must not trust him too far, though he thinks he is in full possession of all my secrets; he is a vain fellow, but he is a charming fellow for all that. I am often complimented on my accent, and the Abbé de Lille assured me the other morning, that I might be mistaken for a French woman. In that respect, this was a high compliment, for the French are the vainest creatures on earth. I had some verses sent me a few days ago, but the scribbler deceived me, for I find they were written some years ago by Voltaire, on Madame de Pompadour; you cannot conceive how it mortified me. Then, as to my age, I think I may venture to strike off three years; how do I tremble at the idea of wrinkled cheeks! Give me youth, beauty, and birth; these are all I ask, and then I will hold my lover as long as I please, or, if I should lose him, I can soon replace him. O dear mother! I have one question to ask, and I tremble when I ask it. Are you sure I had the small-pox? Surely I hope I had. I have luckily got acquainted with a woman who excels in all kinds of cosmetics, and other secrets of great importance. I must purchase them all, cost what it may. I cannot tell you the extraordinary effect of it, but this is the only secret I shall

what they will. You cannot conceive how I am putting your lessons in practice, and successfully too; sometimes I affect silence, lost in thought, and counterfeited indisposition, that I may read the effects in the eyes of certain persons. The French excel in all kinds of intrigue; every man is a lover, and talks of sentiment; but be assured, my dear mother, that real passion never yet found its way into the heart of a Frenchman. I have seen the handsome Person twice; he passes for the richest man in Sweden; he lives in great splendour, but, at the same time, with the greatest economy. Pougent has promised to give me some lessons in music; he is natural son to the Prince of Conti. Would that I could say I was natural daughter to some prince, or any person that could boast of noble blood! and yet I think there is some in my veins; it is impossible I can be the daughter of a trumpeter; you know I bear no resemblance to him. You see how this sits on my heart; I can say any thing to you. I do not know how long I shall remain in Paris. I have bought a number of pictures; one day they shall adorn my *Chateau*. They have been chosen by an Italian, who is said to be a great connoisseur in that line, but the Italians are great cheats. Do not detain Krebs long; send him to me with good news. I wish you could see me; I never looked so charming in my life. Pray tell me if poor Elmenbent is alive;

if she is, you must give her some money; she knows my age, and she may blab it with other secrets. As to * * * * *

Krebs will tell you how I am adored. You must not let him be near my sister, for the Count might ask him some questions, and you know how awkward he is in his answers. I have not time to finish this letter; I must dress for the opera. Write, write all, and send Krebs back on the wings of impatience. * * * * *

O my dear angelic mother! I read your letter over with such joy, that I thought I should faint at every line. You know, you may say, you got acquainted with the Baron at Eldagsen; he passed a couple of years there, and, if the story is well managed, who is to contradict it. I am more afraid of Pastor Bessler than any, but he must be bribed or flattered with the hopes of preferment. I think we will contrive to manage this matter to our satisfaction. I am forming a little party here, but it is hard to trust the French, for, notwithstanding all the appearance of levity which they assume, they are full of design, and, though they are always speaking, yet they are always thinking. For all that, I have purchased the secret of the cosmetic; its divine! I cannot tell you the enchanting effect of it; but this is the only secret I must

keep from my dear mother and sister. By the bye, you must not let her see one of my letters; you know she could never keep a secret since she was born. Above all, how does my heart rejoice when you tell me I had the frightful small-pox! You are quite sure of it, you must not deceive; but you did not tell me when, because I would strive to recollect. You must get Candidate Bang to write some verses on me; the Prince reads every thing that he writes; tell him that I never looked so lovely in my life; do not let him forget my teeth, and eyes, and fine hair, and, above all, my smile; but, if he should speak of my mind, let that be artless and innocent; but, above all, let him praise my constancy in love; let him draw me in the midst of a circle of dying lovers, with my eyes fixed on one only. Do not let him know that I desired this, for he is one of those that cannot keep a secret either, but we must make use of such persons at times; he is a fool with all his learning, but we will keep that to ourselves. Only three lampoons, dear mother; I think I know their author, and, instead of being paid, he shall pay for them. They seem to be at a loss what to say of me here; but I am afraid, though they bow in my presence, that they sneer behind my back. I have got acquainted with Count Beinecourt; he has got an immense estate in Normandy, and one of the oldest families in that

country. Oh! what it is to be descended of an old family! There are some that affect to despise it, but I know that they wish for it in secret. I have met with two or three Rosicrucians, but not one Swedenborgian. Do you know that I go by the name of the handsome Swedenborgian? I had a frightful dream this morning; I dreamed that *

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I can tell any thing to you. Pray, my dear mother, tell it under a feigned name. I should like to pay a visit to England, because I am told the nobility in that country are not so proud as ours; notwithstanding this, Heaven knows what money they spend in Paris; they are fine looking men, but speak very bad French. The French admire nothing of the English but their constitution, but I admire their openness. Goss has taught me to speak a little English, but it is a horrid language to pronounce. I must learn some Italian before I set out for Italy. Did Krebs tell you what happened in Champagne? A stupid carman drove against my carriage, and overturned it; I got into such a passion that I struck the fellow twice. It was some time before I could get the carriage repaired, for the French are mere bunglers at any thing of the kind; it will, however, be a good apology for me to get an English carriage. You

must find out what Baron Hertzberg says; every thing that comes from his lips has great weight; but he is too busy with his mulberry-trees to mind the trumpeter's daughter. Oh! how does that horrid word chill my veins! Krebs is a faithful fellow, but I am afraid he has mentioned something about the bathing scene; it runs in my mind he has. I am afraid to mention it to him, lest I should get into a passion, and then I might say something that would ruin us all. I do not know what they think of me at Dessau; there I know I am hated and envied; Bekker can tell you, but I knew it already; I am hated and envied in that vile place, but they do not know all, and that is a consolation. Let us make out our own story, and when it is properly done, we will set them all at defiance. Send the interpretation of my dream. Be kind to Krebs; he is a faithful fellow, and that is all he is good for.

My dearest mother! the very first line of your letter revived my spirits. The interpretation of my dream is delightful, but the very thoughts of the black dog freezes the blood in my veins; yet a dream is but a dream, but then they come to pass,—“My power is but in its infancy!” Oh! that is too flattering! If that is the case, I will yet be revenged of all my enemies. As to the people,

a little money will make friends of them at any time, and money shall not be spared when I have an object in view. Baron S——ts will not do; he is still alive, and at present on a tour in Lapland. I wish they could change him into a rein deer; but we must think of somebody else. What do you think of Count L——d; his family is ancient; he is old and vain of his amours. Secrecy is all; if I am able to retain ———, I will laugh at every thing. I affect a total indifference to politics, but they little know that it engrosses all my attention. O heavens! what a figure I shall cut when I return! How my dress will be imitated, and all my airs and motions sought after and copied! Vestris gives me some lessons. I neglect nothing that may render me charming in the eyes of ———; that is my grand object. O dear mother, let me know every thing that you hear! do not spare money; there is nothing can be done without. Lu——ini, I am afraid, is gaining ground every day in a certain ———; I dread the very name of an Italian. I tell you a Frenchman or Italian has more art in his little finger than fifty Germans put together. My very looks are watched in this place, but I think I can cheat them even in that. When they talk of politics, I pretend that I know nothing of the matter; yet it is the most difficult thing in the world to deceive a Frenchman or a

French woman. The Marquis de la F——e is a stupid fellow; I do not know how the deuce he has acquired so much popularity. Mirabeau is an artful man; I must be civil to him, as he is writing something, and, perhaps, may say something bitter. Indeed, every one is afraid of him; I tremble at the sight of him. I am afraid he knows the cursed secret of the mill; the only thing, however, in my favor, is, that no one believes what he writes or says, because it is known that he will do any thing to gratify his malignity, or to put money in his pocket, as he is poor. I detest him, and I am afraid he reads it in my eyes. Burn all the papers in the little black box; we do not know what may happen; let us put as little in the power of fortune as possible. I cannot tell you the half of what I want to say. You see the troubles of my mind. O dear ambition! what do we suffer on your account! My hand can't hold the pen. Send me good news, for if my health should fail, my charms will fail along with it, and then what will become of your dear daughter.

Thus far the original papers of the Countess of Lichtenau, which were found in an escrutoire in the yellow room of the palace at Charlottenberg, after her arrestation. The Author then proceeds

to a narrative of the events which took place after the demise of the K—g.

Two days previous to the K—g's death, the Countess asked the Physician, if the case was really dangerous, and how long the K—g might yet hold out. Four and twenty hours, at farthest, was the reply. The Countess immediately collected her papers, and had actually resolved to set off the next morning. But the K—g's illness gained fast upon him; towards morning he expired, after a hard struggle, and the Countess was arrested by order of his successor, in the Marble-palace at Potsdam. The red Morocco pocket-book, a diamond of immense value, both of which belonged to the K——g, together with a royal signet, forged, were found in her possession. She had about her, in hard cash, 800,000 dollars, and the K—g's private strong box was found exhausted. A favourite of the Countess, a French emigrant, who was constantly in her company, and then resident at the Marble Palace, was seized at the same time. Some papers, of a serious nature, were found, likewise, in his possession, and he was immediately conducted to the fortress of Magdeburg.

This artful woman is now in prison. Several attempts have been made, by her associates, to rescue her from her confinement, but they have all been

frustrated by the vigilance of the officers under whose custody she is lodged. The enormity of her guilt is beyond all conception. She rose from the meanest extraction and poverty to rank and fortune; in the days of her success her pride knew no bounds, so that she seemed to forget what she had been; many an honest man, through her arts, was precipitated into ruin; and the ties of friendship, and the harmony of an illustrious family, were loosened, and almost dissolved. The new K—g, in taking this step, was not actuated by private hatred, nor personal interest, nor yet mean revenge. To that Prince humanity, truth, honesty, and frankness, will ever be dear. He has consigned her to the law. The Countess of Lichtenau, in the most extensive meaning of the word, is a state-criminal. As such, confinement for life probably will be her lot. There she may do penance for every act of injustice and infamy, and the wrongs of the industrious peasant, who worked hard to support her extravagance; there she may do penance for the millions of groans and curses that have brought down vengeance from Heaven on her guilty head; for the tears of every helpless orphan, whom she thrust from her door, but whose sighs ascended to Him who punishes and rewards according to the scale of immutable justice.



